Statutes of Clifton Court.

Adopted at the Meeting held on the

Statutes of Clifton Court.

Adopted at the Meeting held on the

VELUTI in SPECULUM

Wisdom in artful Fables lies
And Charms us in her gay Disguise.

1230 d. 50.

SELECT

TALES and FABLES,

WITH

Prudential Maxims,

And other little

LESSONS OF MORALITY,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

Equally Inſtructive and Entertaining.

For the Use of

BOTH SEXES.

WHEREIN

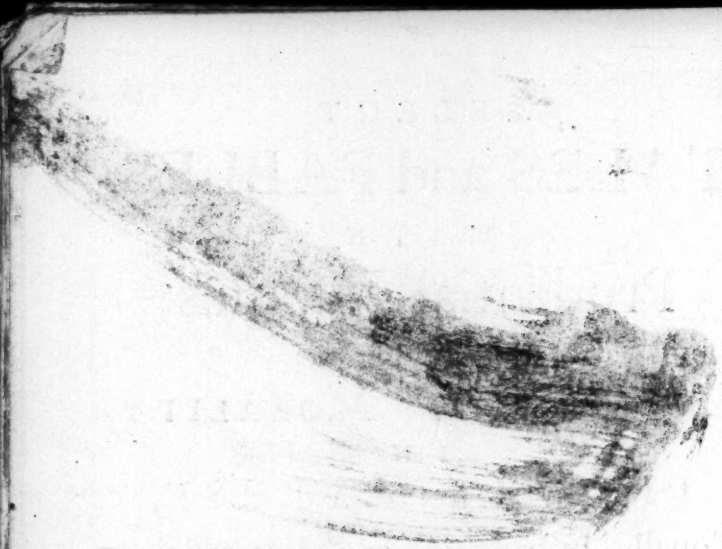
Their FOIBLES, as well as BEAUTIES, are preſented to their View in the faireſt and moſt inoffenſive Point of Light.

The Whole embelliſhed with SIXTY ORIGINAL DESIGNS, expreſſive of each Subject, neatly engraved on COPPER PLATES.

By B. COLE, ENGRAVER.

TRUTH *under* FICTION *we impart,*
To root out Folly from the Heart.

DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in Eſſex-ſtreet.
M DCC LVI.



TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

Prince *EDWARD*,

These Little

Fabulous Amusements

Are most humbly Dedicated

BY

His ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Devoted Servant,

BENJ. COLE.

THE

PREFACE,

Shewing the

NATURE and BEAUTY

OF

FABLE.

THERE is Nothing we receive with ſo much Reluctance as Advice: We look upon the Man who gives it us, as offering an Affront to our Underſtanding. We conſider the Inſtruction as an implicit Cenſure; and the Zeal which any one ſhews for our Good on ſuch an Occaſion, as a Piece of Preſumption or Impertinence.

For these Reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the ART *of making Advice agreeable: How many Devices have both antient and modern Writers made use of to render this Potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words: Others in the most harmonious Numbers: Some in Point of Wit, and others in short Proverbs.*

But amongst all the different Ways of giving Counsel, we think the finest, and That which pleases the most universally is FABLE, *in whatsoever Shape it appears. This Way of Instruction excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to Exception.*

Upon reading of a FICTION, *we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the* Author *for the Sake of the* Story, *and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. This oblique Manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that we find the Wise-Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their* KINGS *in* FABLE.

The MORAL, *in short, of an* ALLEGORICAL PERFORMANCE, *insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by Surprize, and become wiser and better unawares.*

THE PROLOGUE TO PHOEDRUS his FABLES, Imitated in *Eaſy Verſe.* By WAY of INTRODUCTION.

Children like tender Oſiers, take the Bow,
And, as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
DRYDEN.

Example *draws where* Precept *fails,*
And Sermons *are leſs read than* Tales. PRIOR.

I.

READER, theſe little, pleaſant *Tales,*
In *eaſy Verſe* diſplay'd,
Are None of Mine :—I've only dreſt
ÆSOP in MASQUERADE.

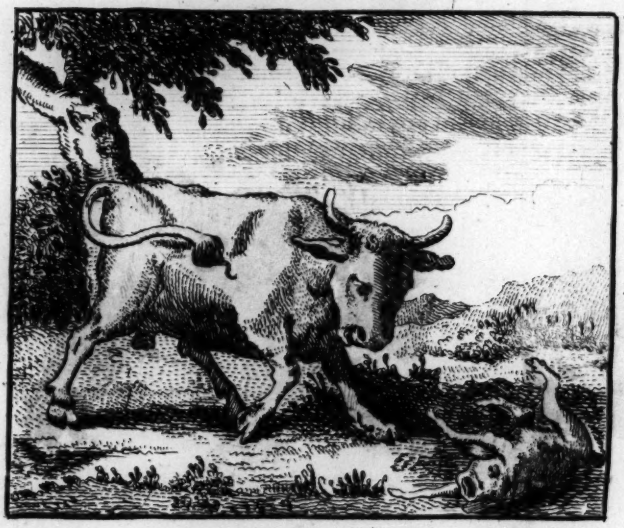
II.

No Plan was ever better form'd
Betimes to ſet Youth right;
In theſe gay *Trifles* you will find
Inſtruction and Delight.

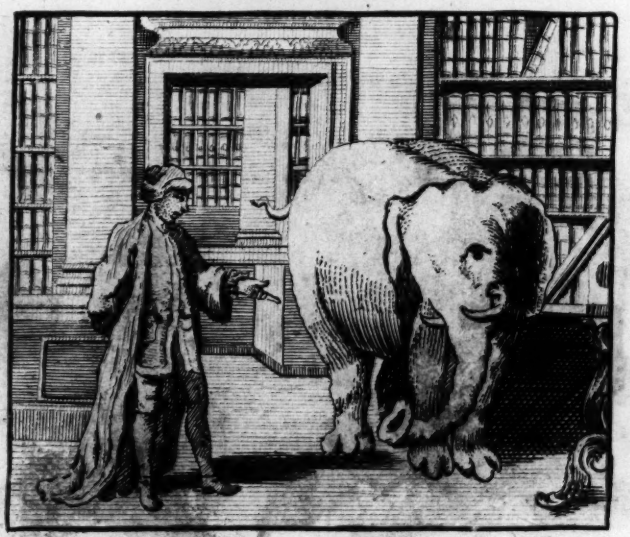
III.

But ſhould our ſocial Beaſts and Trees
The *Critick*'s Cenſure raiſe;
His Spleen we ſcorn:—A *moral Thought*
In *Fiction* merits Praiſe.

FABLE. I.



FABLE. II.



FABLE I.

The BULL *and the* MASTIFF.

A *Maſtiff* (train'd to hoſtile Deeds)
Seiz'd a young *Bull.*—The *Monarch* bleeds,
And roars aloud.—Suſpend the War;
Nor dare to urge my Rage too far.—
Thy Rage, he anſwer'd, I defy;
I'm bred to conquer or to die.—
Thy Folly then be on thy Head,
The *Monarch* cry'd, and ſtruck him dead.—
As Education rules our Will,
Our future Fortune's good or ill.

FABLE II.

The ELEPHANT *and the* BOOKSELLER.

AN *Elephant*, in Days of Yore,
(So *Pliny* ſays) on Books would pore,
Viſit the Shops, learn'd Volumes ſpread,
And make Remarks on what he read.
A *Bookſeller*, who heard him ſpeak,
And with juſt Accent mouthe the *Greek*,
Addreſt him thus:—Exert your Skill
Againſt Mankind, I'll pay you well.—
No, Sir, Let *Man* commence the Fray;
Envy's a ſharper Spur than Pay.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. I.

Art improves Nature.

AS *Plants*, whilſt tender, bend which Way you pleaſe,
And are, tho' crooked firſt, made ſtrait with Eaſe;
Yet, if theſe Plants to their full Stature grow
Irregular, they'll break before they bow.
Thus *Youth*, ſet right at firſt, with Eaſe go on,
And each new Taſk is with new Pleaſure done;
But, if neglected till they grow in Years,
And each fond Mother her dear Darling ſpares,
Error becomes habitual, and we find,
'Tis then hard Labour to reform the Mind.

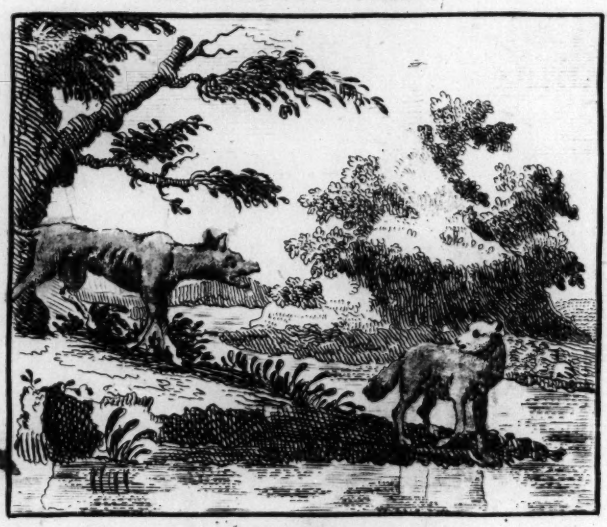
The APPLICATION *to* FAB. II.

Merit creates Envy.

CEnſure will blame; her Breath was ever ſpent
To blaſt the Laurels of the Eminent.
'Tis the *Sublime* that hurts the *Critic*'s Eaſe;
Write Nonſenſe, and he reads, and ſleeps in Peace.
He who would free from Malice paſs his Days,
Muſt live obſcure, and never merit Praiſe.

FABLE

FABLE. III.



FABLE. IV.

FABLE III.

The WOLF *and the* LAMB.

AS once a *Wolf* his Thirſt allay'd
At a cool Spring, a *Lamb* eſſay'd
To taſte at Diſtance of the Stream;
Nor thought it would Preſumption ſeem.
But *Iſgrim* with Reſentment ſaid,
Who's that diſturbs the Fountain-head?
In vain the *Lamb* NOT GUILTY pleads,
And *Right* or *Wrong* that Inſtant bleeds.
Thus Tyrants *keep the World in Awe:*
Their boundleſs Will is all their Law.

FABLE IV.

The FOX *and the* MASK.

THE *Fox* an Actor's Vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in Contempt away,
And thus old *Phædrus* heard him ſay;
What noble Port can thou ſuſtain,
Thou ſpurious Head, without a Brain?

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. III.

Might overcomes Right; or, The Weakeſt goes to the Wall.

WHerever ill People are in Power, the moſt Upright and Inoffenſive are ſure to be inſulted.—If a Man be cruel and malicious, and at the ſame Time immenſely rich, it is the eaſieſt Thing in the World to find out a Pretence for tyrannizing over Innocence, and exerciſing with Impunity the moſt flagrant Acts of Injuſtice.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. IV.

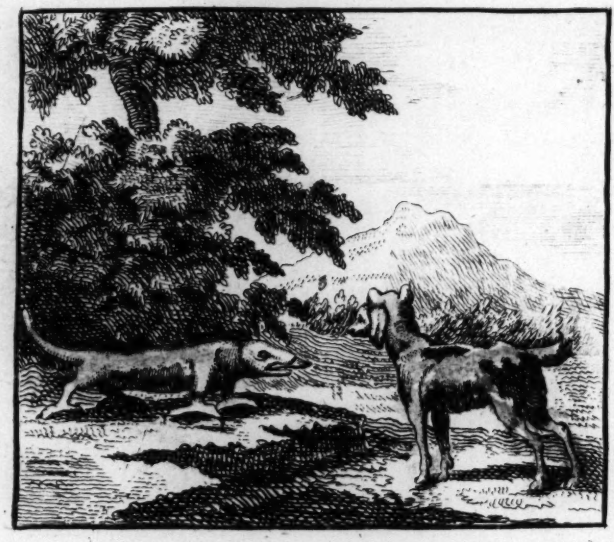
Beauty without Senſe is deſpicable; or, Manners makes the Man.

THE faireſt Diamonds are rough till they are poliſhed; and the pureſt Gold muſt not only be run, and waſhed, but ſifted in the Ore.—We are all untaught by Nature; and the fineſt Qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the Mind be not formed by Diſcipline, and cultivated with an early Care.

FABLE

FABLE . V.

FABLE . VI.



FABLE V.

The LYON, TYGER, *and* TRAVELLER.

A *Tyger*, in Purſuit of Prey,
Seiz'd *Colin*, as he ſleeping lay;
To his Defence a *Lyon* flies,
And at his Feet the *Tyger* dies.—
" Sire, ſaid the Swain, your Rage confine,
" And to your Courage Mercy join.—
" Tho' Tyrants keep the World in Awe,
" And make their boundleſs Will their Law;
" Still they're the Objects of our Hate.—
" The PRINCE that's *good* is only *great*.

FABLE VI.

The SPANIEL *and the* CAMELION.

A *Spaniel*, very pert and gay,
Steps out to take the Air one Day;
And as he round the Meadow flies,
On a *Camelion* caſts his Eyes.—
Lord! Sir, ſays he, that Shape, that Mien,
Should no where but at Court be ſeen.—
A Courtier's Life long ſince I try'd,
Like You, I flatter'd, fawn'd, and ly'd;
But Lying *is a ſneaking Vice,*
And the ſure Mark of Cowardice.

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. V.

The Picture of a Tyrant.

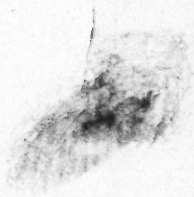
WHEN NERO *Rome*'s Imperial Sceptre ſway'd,
What Deſolation o'er her Face was ſpread!
How flam'd her lofty Tow'rs? How *Roman* Blood
Polluted *Tyber*'s Streams, and ſwell'd the Flood!
This was majeſtick *Rome*'s Imperial Head;
This *Savage* govern'd, and the World obey'd.—
Unhappy They, whoſe Minds are prone to Ill!
But 'tis a Lot far more unhappy ſtill,
When boundleſs Pow'r ſupports a boundleſs Will.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. VI.

The Picture of a Courtier.

SIR, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days;
And ſtudy'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways,
And have obſerv'd this uſeful Maxim ſtill,
To let my *Betters* ever have their Will.
Nay, if my *Lord* affirm'd that *Black* was *White*,
My Word was This,—"Your Honour's in the Right."
Th' aſſuming *Wit*, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken *Patron* to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought:
A *Noble Fool* was never in a Fault.

FABLE



FABLE. VII.

FABLE. VIII.

FABLE VII.

The DAW *and the* PEACOCK.

A *Daw*, in pilfer'd Plumes array'd,
Imagin'd ſhe a Figure made;
With Affectation toſs'd her Head,
And ſtraightway to the *Peacocks* fled:
But there th' Impoſtor play'd her Part
So vainly, with ſo little Art,
That ſoon the *Birds*, with high Diſdain,
Stripp'd her, and ſent her Home again.
Thus when a Coxcomb *apes the* Great,
Deriſion and Contempt's his Fate.

FABLE VIII.

The DOG *and the* SHADOW.

A *Dog*, at Hunger's urgent Call,
Snapp'd a *Tid-Bit* from off a Stall;
And ſtrait, for Preſervation Sake,
Did an adjacent River take.
Whilſt thro' the Stream he ſwam away,
He ſpy'd the *Shadow* of his Prey;
Unwiſely aim'd at greater Gains,
And loſt the Purchaſe of his Pains.
Ixion *thus for* Juno's *Charms*,
Embrac'd a Cloud *within his Arms.*

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. VII.

All is not Gold that glitters; or, Fair without, and Foul within.

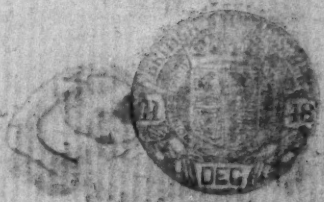
THE outside, or external Form of Man or Woman, ought never to be so much regarded, as the good Qualities and rich Endowments of the Mind. Though the Eyes of the *Vulgar* dazzled with Pomp and Shew; yet the *Wise* see Things in their proper Light. There are too many Fops and Fools make a gay Appearance in the World, when Men of good Sense and real Merit are buried in Oblivion.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. VIII.

All covet all lose: or, A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Bush.

HE that imagines he sees *another* Estate in a Pack of Cards, or a Box of Dice, and ventureth his *own* in the Pursuit of it, should never repine, if, after all his airy Hopes, he finds himself not only disappointed, but the just Object of Contempt and Ridicule.

FABLE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FABLE. IX.

FABLE. X.

FABLE IX.

The COCK *and the* DIAMOND.

AS once a *Cock* of ſordid Brood,
A Dunghill ſcrap'd, in Queſt of Food,
He found a coſtly *Jewel* riſe,
Whoſe radiant Luſtre ſtruck his Eyes:
Some *Lapidary* might, with Joy,
Have priz'd, he cry'd, this glitt'ring Toy;
But I can turn it o'er with Scorn,
And value more one *Grain* of *Corn*.
Thus ſenſeleſs Coxcombs oft are priz'd,
When Men of Merit are deſpis'd.

FABLE X.

The MONKEY *and her* CUB.

A *Monkey*, with parental Care,
Dreſs'd up her *Darling*, Infant Heir;
With Tranſport gaz'd upon its Face,
And kill'd it with a cloſe Embrace.
Hence let fond Mothers know, the Child,
That is indulg'd too much, is ſpoil'd.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. IX.

So many Men, ſo many Minds; or, One Man's Meat is another Man's Poiſon.

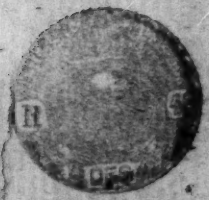
THERE are Abundance of People paſs for very ſmart Fellows, though they are as perfect Strangers to Virtue and Knowledge, as the *Cock* here is to the good Qualities of the *Diamond*. The *Fop*, in order to excuſe his Ignorance, with an Air of Affectation, pretends his Taſte lies another Way. Three Parts in four of Mankind are thoughtleſs Libertines, and the Number of thoſe is but very ſmall, who know how to reliſh more reaſonable Enjoyments.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. X.

Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child; or, over Fondneſs is perfect Cruelty.

YOUTH, that have not Diſcretion to chuſe for themſelves, when too much fondled and indulged, incline by Nature to Vice; by which means the Parent's Hopes, through their own ill Conduct, are frequently fruſtrated; and the Darling of their Hearts becomes either an Idiot, or a Debauchee: Whereas thoſe who are trained up under a ſtrict Diſcipline in their Infancy, take any Impreſſion that is made upon them, make early Improvements in Virtue, and ſeldom fail of anſwering the Ends propoſed in their Education.

FABLE



FABLE. XI.

FABLE. XII.

FABLE XI.

The HARE *and many* FRIENDS.

A *Hare*, belov'd by all the Train,
Who haunt the Wood, or graze the Plain,
Was cloſe purſu'd,—The *Horſe* ſhe met,——
Oh! ſave me from impending Fate!
Excuſe me, *Puſs*, ſays he, you'll find
Many much abler Friends behind.———
To many more poor *Puſs* apply'd,
But all with Complaiſance deny'd.———
Friendſhip, like Love, we ſeldom find,
Sincere, unleſs to One *confin'd.*

FABLE XII.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

LONG liv'd a *Swain* in high Renown
For Wiſdom, far remote from Town;
Say, cry'd a hoary *Sage*, from whence
Thy Judgment and ſuperior Senſe?
Haſt thou with Books familiar been?
Or haſt thou ſtudied Arts or Men?———
With modeſt Air the *Swain* reply'd,
Nature alone has been my Guide:
Her Laws alone, if well purſu'd,
Will make Men wiſe as well as good.

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XI.

Adverſity is the Touchſtone of Friendſhip.

MEN may Reſpect and Love with Eaſe pretend,
But Times of Danger only try a Friend.
No happy Man is ſure he is belov'd,
For his Admirers cannot then be prov'd,
They who dare Faith when hazardous expreſs,
And Wretches on whom Fortune frowns careſs,
Give ample Proof their Friendſhip is not cold,
And are with Juſtice valu'd more than Gold.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XII.

Nature is the beſt Guide.

HOW truly bleſt are They, and only They,
Who *Nature*'s wiſe Inſtructions can obey!
Who within Bounds their Appetites confine,
Nor drink too deep of Pleaſure's heady Wine!
Who free from Buſineſs too, the Leiſure find
To dreſs the little Garden of their Mind.
That grateful Tillage beſt rewards our Pains;
Sweet is the Labour, certain are the Gains.
The riſing Harveſt never mocks our Toil,
Secure of Fruit, if we manure the Soil.

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FABLE. XIII.

FABLE. XIV.

FABLE XIII.

The MISER *and* PLUTUS.

THE *Miſer* ſtarts, and trembling ſtares,
Wak'd with imaginary Fears.
Soon Qualms ariſe; with anxious Pain,
He thinks on his ill gotten Gain.
For thee, he cries, accurſed Gold,
My Honour's loſt, my Virtue ſold.—
Plutus appears—Why thus abus'd?
Thus curſt? Thus, falſely, Sir, accus'd?
Know Riches, on the Good beſtow'd,
Are Bleſſings worthy of a GOD.

FABLE XIV.

The PAINTER *who pleaſed* NO BODY *and* EVERY BODY.

SO like the Life a *Painter* drew,
That ev'ry Eye the Picture knew.
He flatter'd none; but to his Coſt,
Soon found his Friends and Practice loſt.—
Grown wiſe, he try'd his Art again,
Graceful as PHOEBUS drew his Men;
Like VENUS painted every *Fair*,
And *Fancy* found a Likeneſs there.
His Cuſtom grew, his Price was rais'd,
And the whole Town the *Artiſt* prais'd.
The groſſeſt Flatt'ry ſooths the Mind;
For Self-Conceit is ever blind.

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XIII.

Covetouſneſs is the Root of all Evil.

IF Mines of Wealth in every Field were found,
And Show'rs of ſcatter'd Gold beſtrew'd the Ground,
Thick as the Autumn Leaves, or as the Sand
Waſh'd by the troubled Waves upon the Strand,
Mankind would ſtill to bounteous Heav'n complain,
And ſome ungranted Wiſh would ſtill remain.
Wealth he has none, who mourns his ſcanty Store,
And midſt of Plenty ſtarves, and thinks he's poor.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XIV.

The Magick of Flattery.

NOthing ſo much intoxicates the Brain,
As *Flattery*'s ſmooth, inſinuating Bane:
She on th' unguarded Ear employs her Art,
While vain *Self-Love* unlocks the yielding Heart.
Her *Mirror* ſhews Perfection thro' the whole,
And ne'er reflects a Wrinkle or a Mole:
Each Character in gay Confuſion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wiſe.
Nor fail her fulſom Arts to ſooth our Pride;
Tho' Praiſe to Venom turns, if wrong apply'd.

FABLE

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DEC

FABLE. XV.

FABLE. XVI.

FABLE XV.

The Fox *and the* Grapes.

A *Fox*, half-ſtarv'd, a *Vineyard* ſpy'd,
Where the *Grapes* high in Cluſters dry'd:
He ſprang to reach them, but in vain
He jumpt, and jumpt,—but miſs'd again.
Convinc'd at length—They're ſour, quoth he,
Who will may eat ſuch *Traſh* for Me.
How many, like the Fox, *deſpiſe*
Thoſe Heights *to which they cannot riſe?*

FABLE XVI.

The Farmer *and his* Sons.

A *Peaſant*, on his dying Bed,
Thus to his *Sons*, attending, ſaid:
A *Treaſure* in my *Vineyard* lies;
Dig deep, and you will find the *Prize*.—
The *Parent* dy'd.—*They* dug the Ground;
And, tho' no *Real Hoard* was found;
Soon as the Summer's Cloſe drew near,
A *double Vintage* crown'd the Year.
From hence we may obſerve, with Pleaſure,
That Diligence *itſelf is a* Treaſure.

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XV.

No Vice is ſo vile as Lying.

THIS little Fable is a ſevere Reprimand to all ſuch vain Coxcombs, as pretend a Diſguſt to every Thing they cannot obtain, becauſe they are too proud to acknowledge themſelves diſappointed in any of their Purſuits. How inſufferable is the Vanity of Man, who would condeſcend to the vileſt Actions, rather than be thought incapable of doing any Thing? For what is more abject and ſcandalous than *Lying*? And yet when do we lye more notoriouſly, than when we find fault, and depreciate a Thing, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe it is out of our Power?

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XVI.

The diligent Hand makes rich; or Induſtry overcomes all Things.

LABOUR and Induſtry, well applied, very ſeldom fail of finding a Treaſure; and ſince not only the Conveniencies, but the Pleaſures of Life may by Application be acquired, it would be Folly to the laſt Degree to loſe or throw thoſe Advantages away, by indulging ourſelves in Indolence and Inactivity. Nothing ſupports Health like Exerciſe; and as Health is one of the greateſt Bleſſings this Life can afford us, no one of the leaſt Thought or Conſideration would ſuffer himſelf to be wholly deſtitute of Employment.

FABLE

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FABLE. XVII.

FABLE. XVIII.

FABLE XVII.

The LADY *and the* WASP.

AS *Chloe* with affected Air,
Sat lolling in her Eaſy-Chair,
An amorous *Waſp* around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and ſipt the Dew.
She frowns, ſhe frets:—He makes Reply,
With Love I burn, I rage, I dye.—
She ſmiles, forgives:—He claps his Wings;
But ſoon ſhe finds that *Waſps* have Stings.
Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
Mourn their ill Conduct ſoon or late.

FABLE XVIII.

The PEACOCK, *the* TURKEY, *and* GOOSE.

AS at the Barn the *Peacock* ſtands,
And his gay ſpangled Plumes expands,
With Scorn the *Poultry* gaze behind,
And cenſure each ſmall Flaw they find:
Againſt his Legs and Scream they rail;
Blind to the Beauties of his Tail.——
When Envy prompts the Mind to Spleen,
The brighteſt Charms are overſeen.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XVII.

The Picture of a Coquet.

THERE's a *Being* in Nature as light as a Feather,
As fickle as Wind, as inconſtant as Weather.
Now humble, then proud; now ſweet, and then ſour;
Never wears the ſame Humour, or Conduct an Hour.
'Tis a Lion, a Lamb, an Eagle, a Dove;
All Fierceneſs, all Tameneſs, all Hate, or all Love.
It can ſwear and proteſt; but its Oaths are ſo frail,
That he who relies on't, takes an Eel by the Tail.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XVIII.

The Character of a Miſchief-Maker.

HER Commendations praiſe you into Shame,
And from her Mouth Diſparagement is Fame,
Diſſatisfy'd, if pleas'd, ſhe feeds on Wrong,
And gath'ring Scandal grows upon her Tongue.
Thus Froth, and baneful Weeds, and floating Straws,
Whilſt the pure Stream glides on, the Whirlpool draws,
In Beauty ſhe Deformity can ſpy,
And turns all yellow with her jaundic'd Eye.

FABLE

FABLE. XIX.

FABLE. XX.

FABLE XIX.

The PEASANT *and* HERCULES.

HOB plung'd his Waggon in a Slough,
And ſaw no Proſpect to get through;
To *Hercules* the Lubber pray'd,
As a ſtrong God, to lend his Aid.
Your Pray'rs (ſaid *Hercules*) are vain:
If you would get it out again,
Your Shoulders to the Wheel apply ——
Fall you to work;—and ſo will I.
Wiſhes but ſlow Conceſſions find,
Unleſs they're with Endeavours join'd.

FABLE XX.

JUNO *and her* PEACOCK.

A *Peacock*, kept by *Juno*'s Side
(With his gay Plumes diſſatisfy'd)
Complain'd, that *Philomela*'s Voice
Made every Grove and Swain rejoice;
That all her Songs charm'd every Ear,
Whilſt None his hideous Notes could bear.
Juno reply'd; "With this diſpenſe;
"Since Each hath his own Excellence.
"Her Notes, 'tis true, are well expreſs'd;
"But you, my *Bird*, are better dreſs'd.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XIX.

Be not righteous over-much.

IT is doubtleſs a great Sin for a Man to be frequently running to Church on Week-Days, when he ſhould be mindful of his Trade or Occupation: For God is moſt pleas'd, when we are doing the moſt good: And he, doubtleſs, is doing his Duty in the moſt acceptable Manner, who by a ſober, honeſt Induſtry, is *providing for thoſe of his own Houſehold*, and uſing his beſt Endeavours to have wherewith to give to him that needeth. The Man, who is virtuouſly employ'd, is actually ſerving God, and is more likely to have his ſilent Wiſhes complied with by the Supreme Being, than he who begs with a fruitleſs Vehemence, and ſolicits with an empty Hand.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XX.

Content is a continual Feaſt.

IT is very abſurd for any one to complain, and torment himſelf about That, which it is impoſſible for him ever to obtain. As no Mortal was ever yet ſo happy, as to be poſſeſt of every good Quality, we ſhould ſpare no Pains to cultivate and recommend thoſe we have. Had we all the deſireable Properties in the World, we could but be eaſy and contented with them: And if a Man, by a right Way of Thinking, can reconcile himſelf to his own Condition, whatever it be, he will fall but little ſhort of the moſt complete State that Mortals ever enjoy.

FABLE

FABLE. XXI.

FABLE. XXII.

FABLE XXI.

The MAN *and the* FLEA.

THO' *Birds* and *Beaſts* are proud and vain,
None ſo conceited are as *Man*.
When I ſurvey, ſays he, the Skies,
And the wide World that round me lies;
When I by Contemplation find,
Heav'n all theſe Gifts for me deſign'd,
Well may I be elate with Pride,—
No; not at all, a *Flea* reply'd.—
Be humble, Sir, and know, we Fleas
Can feed on you when-e'er we pleaſe.

FABLE XXI.

The SICK MAN *and the* ANGEL.

ARE there no Hopes the *Patient* cries?—
The *Doctor* turns away, and ſighs,—
The dying *Miſer* looks aghaſt;
With Shame reviews his Actions paſt;
But thinks his Will may make Amends,
And on his pious Gifts depends.——
An *Angel* came, and frowning ſaid;
Give what thou haſt before thou'rt dead.——
Why in ſuch Haſte?—I've made my Will,
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.——
Thou Fool! thy Will, *thy* Hopes *are vain:*
Die, and deſpair—Thy Heav'n *was* Gain.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXI.

Pride was not made for Man.

MUST then applauding Crowds repeat your Name?
And *Fame*'s loud Voice your mighty Deeds proclaim?
Vain Man! behold the ſpacious Realms on high,
And this ſmall Spot, where all your Glories lie,
Upheld by Wings of Air, an Atom of the Sky.
Yet, e'er your Fame theſe narrow Bounds has croſt,
Her Voice is ſilent, and her Sound is loſt.—
Tho' all the Wreaths and Laurels were your own,
Which *Alexander* reap'd, or *Cæſar* won;
Yet know, it is your Deſtiny to die,
And with the Vulgar undiſtinguiſh'd lie.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXII.

Wealth without Content.

THO' Wealth was poured, like a rolling Tide,
Within the Miſer's Graſp on every Side,
His Wiſhes ſtill would riſe too faſt to be ſupply'd.
Tho' countleſs Rounds of Orient Pearls were ſtrung,
And down his Breaſt the coſtly Bawbles hung;
Tho' fifty Yoke of Oxen plow'd his Soil,
And the rich Glutton fatten'd on their Toil;
Yet to a Curſe are all his Bleſſings join'd,
His Days are chearleſs, and enthrall'd his Mind,
And he muſt die at laſt, and leave his Wealth behind.

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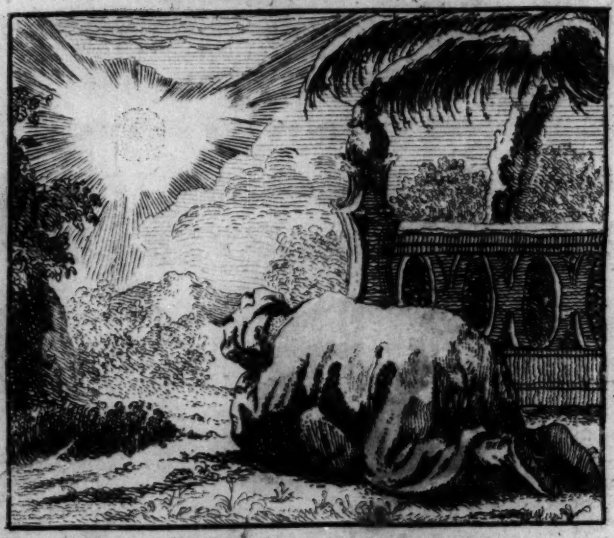
FABLE. XXIII.



FABLE XXIV.

FABLE XXIII.

The PERSIAN, *the* SUN, *and the* CLOUD.

AS on the Ground a *Perſian* lay
Proſtrate before the *God* of *Day*,
He pray'd.—" Bright Beam, thy Servant bleſs,
" And crown his Labours with Succeſs."
With Envy ſwell'd, an impious *Cloud*
Reprov'd the *Man*, blaſphem'd the *God*.——
" Vain fleeting Form! the *Perſian* cry'd,
" Thy *God* adore. Reſtrain thy Pride.
" See! with new Beams he gilds the Skies!—
Thus *Merit* ſhines, and *Envy* dies.

FABLE XXIV.

The UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

AS a young *Rake* repentant ſat,
Deploring his unhappy Fate,
The *Phantom* CARE thus ſpoke.—" Be wiſe,
" And Health above thy Pleaſure prize."——
The *Youth* reforms, reſolves to find,
(His Health reſtor'd) true Peace of Mind.
He ſeeks the *Court*, the *Camp*, the *Plain*,
To fly from CARE; but all in vain.
This World is like a troubled Sea;
No State of Life's from Sorrow free.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXIII.

Merit will ſhine in Spite of Oppoſition.

ENVY will *Merit*, as its Shade purſue;
But, like a *Shadow*, prove the *Subſtance* true:
For envy'd *Wit*, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
Th'oppoſing Bodies Groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that *Sun* too pow'rful Beams diſplays,
It draws up Vapours, which obſcure its Rays:
But ev'n thoſe Clouds at laſt adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXIV.

Virtue's *Addreſs to* Hercules.

IS there a ſenſual Thing of any Kind,
That can ſupply the Cravings of thy Mind?
Wert thou poſſeſt of Birds, Beaſts, Fruits and Flow'rs,
Fountains and Gardens, Palaces and Bow'rs;
Say, doſt thou think to be exempt from Care?
Would not that Inmate to thy Breaſt repair,
And ravage all thy boaſted Pleaſure there?
Or with thoſe Gifts were ſome Delight enjoy'd,
Wouldſt thou not ſoon be ſatisfy'd and cloy'd?
How ſoon the Tinſel-Rapture would be loſt!
The ſhort-liv'd Bliſs not worth the Pains it coſt!

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FABLE XXV.

FABLE XXVI.

FABLE XXV.

The TROUTS *and the* ANGLER.

TWO *Trouts*, that (thoughtleſs of Deceit)
Swallow'd a wily *Angler*'s Bate,
When thrown into a Pan alive,
Began their captive State to grieve;
And not contented to be fry'd,
They jumpt into the Flames and dy'd.
Thus Man, *when he of* Heav'n *complains,*
By murm'ring but augments his Pains.

FABLE XXVI.

The FOX *and the* CROW.

AS *Reynard* view'd, with longing Eyes,
A *Crow* regaling on a Prize;
The Paraſite, with artful Tongue,
Implor'd the Favour of a Song:
The *Dupe*, regardleſs of the Cheat,
Made the Attempt, and dropt her Meat.
Thus the too credulous Virgin's won,
And by her Lover's Perfidy undone.

The Application *to* FAB. XXV.

Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire.

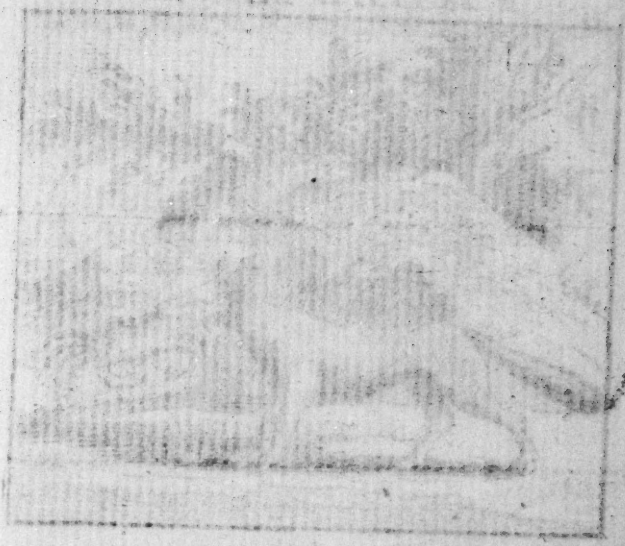
THO' a tame Submiſſion to Injuries, when we have it in our Power to redreſs them, may, and ought to be look'd upon as an abject, mean-ſpirited Thing; yet to ſtruggle and make a vigorous Reſiſtance, where there are no Hopes of Succeſs, may be as juſtly deem'd the Effect of Folly and Preſumption. The Strokes of Fortune are frequently as irreſiſtible, as they are ſevere; and he, who with Impatience fights againſt her, inſtead of alleviating his Miſeries, augments them, and makes the Blows ſhe gives fall down upon himſelf with a double Weight.

The Application *to* FAB. XXVI.

There is no Enemy ſo dangerous as a falſe Friend.

THEY who are fond of Flattery, are in a fair Way to repent of their Foible in a ſhort Time: And yet there is hardly a Man or Woman to be found, who can be pronounced full Proof againſt its Attacks: The beſt Way, however to baffle the Force of ſo prevailing an Engine, is for every one to examine with Impartiality the true Eſtimate of his own Endowments.

FABLE



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FABLE XXVII.

FABLE XXVIII.

FABLE XXVII.

The CRAB *and the* FOX.

A Reſtleſs *Crab*, in th'Ocean bred,
Stroll'd out, and in a Meadow fed;
But by a *Fox* was ſoon eſpy'd,
Soon made his Prey, and juſtly dy'd:
For had he ſtay'd at home contented,
All had been well, his Fate prevented.
Thus reſtleſs Fools, who Buſineſs quit,
And aim at Marks they ne'er can hit,
The Smart of ſure Miſcarriage bear,
For rambling in a foreign Sphere.

FABLE XXVIII.

The HART *and the* VINE.

A Fruitful *Vine*, like a true Friend,
Shelter'd a *Hart*, quite out of Wind;
Safe for a Time within her Shade,
He lay, till he himſelf betray'd.
All Danger paſt as he conceives,
He ſtrips her of her verdant Leaves;
By this, expos'd to View he lies;
The Hounds return:—He juſtly dies.
Thus Villains make their Friends their Prey,
And by their Crimes themſelves betray.

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXVIII.

A Rolling Stone gathers no Moſs.

SOME People are ſo poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of Rambling, and, as they fooliſhly call it, trying their Fortune, that tho' they have all the Conveniencies of Life at home, yet they can't be contented, but muſt ſally out into the wide World at all Adventures. A ſevere Repentance, however, after ſuch Elopements, is for the moſt Part as certain, as it is altogether uſeleſs and unregarded.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXVIII.

Ingratitude is worſe than the Sin of Witchcraft.

OF all Crimes Mankind is capable of committing, Ingratitude is univerſally allow'd to be the vileſt, and moſt enormous; becauſe it comprehends, as it were, all other Vices within it. Nor can the Conceſſion be thought either too raſh or unadvis'd; ſince he, who is capable of injuring *me* on whom he hath his principal Dependence, will make no Scruple of ruining *another* to whom he lies under no Obligation.

FABLE

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FABLE XXIX.

FABLE XXX.

FABLE XXIX.

The MOTHER, *the* NURSE, *and the* FAIRY.

WITH weeping Eyes a *Nurſe* ſurvey'd,
Her Infant-Charge, and trembling ſaid;
A *Fairy* has my *Baby* ſtole,
And left behind a *perfect Fool.*——
Bleſs my dear Boy! the Mother cries;
The *Wench* is mad, has loſt her Eyes.——
Perch'd on the Cradle's Top, a *Sprite*
Spoke, frowning, viſible to Sight:
Nurſe, *you your partial Fondneſs ſhew,*
We love our Young *as well as* You.

FABLE XXX.

The WILD BOAR *and the* RAM.

FAST to an Elm a *Lamb* was ty'd;
In Sight of all the Flock ſhe dy'd.
See! ſee! the Butcher is in View,
Cry'd a *Wild Boar*; Revenge purſue,
No, Sir, reply'd an antient *Ram*,
We are by Nature mild and tame;
We have no Tuſks, like you, to kill;
We bear with Patience ev'ry Ill;
But when the Helpleſs are oppreſt,
Their Wrongs are by the GODS *redreſt.*

The

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXIX.

Fancy ſurpaſſeth Beauty.

GOOD God! how tender is the *Parents* Love!
Their raviſh'd Hearts what yearning Tranſports move!
All Kind that move in Ocean, Earth, or Air,
Alike the Charms of Piety revere,
Not Mothers only their young Offspring prize,
Sweet as their Lives, and dearer than their Eyes;
Unreaſoning Souls the ſame Propenſions move;
Parents claim no Prerogative from Love.

The APPLICATION *to* FAB. XXX.

Patience in Diſtreſs.

EXalted *Socrates*! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for Revenge; which ſtill we find,
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind.
Degenerate Paſſion, and for Man too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the female Race.
There rages.—And to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flatt'ry on, until the Aim be ſure.

SELECT

SELECT

Prudential Maxims,

IN

In PROSE and VERSE;

Alphabetically diſpoſed

For the Eaſe of CHILDREN's Memories.

A

Art poliſhes and improves Nature.

B

Beauty is a fair, but fading Flower.

C

Content alone is true Happineſs.

D

Delays often ruin the beſt Deſigns.

E

Encouragement is the Life of Action.

F

Fortune is a fair but fickle Miſtreſs.

G

Grandeur is no true Happineſs.

H

Health is Life's choiceſt Bleſſing.

I

Indolence is an Inlet to every Vice.

K

Knowledge is a God-like Attribute.

L

Liberty is an invaluable Bleſſing.

M

Modeſt Merit finds but few Admirers.

N

Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention.

O

One bad Sheep infects a whole Flock.

P

Pride is a Paſſion not made for Man.

Q

Quick Reſentments prove often fatal.

R

Riches are precarious Bleſſings.

S

Self-love is the Bane of Society.

T

The Hope of Reward ſweetens Labour.

V

Variety is the Beauty of the World.

W

Wiſdom is more valuable than Riches.

X

'xceſs kills more than the Sword.

Y

Yeſterday miſpent can never be recall'd.

Z

Zeal miſapply'd is pious Phrenſy.

A Second Alphabet of Prudential Maxims.

A

Affectation ruins the faireſt Face.

B

Beauties very ſeldom hear the Truth.

C

Conſcious Virtue is its own Reward.

D

Diligence overcomes all Difficulties.

E

Envy too often attends true Merit.

F

Fame once loſt can never be regain'd.

G

Good Humour has everlaſting Graces.

H

Humility adds Charms to Beauty.

I

Innocence is ever gay and chearful.

K

Knowledge procures general Eſteem.

L

Love hides a Multitude of Faults.

M

Modeſty charms more than Beauty.

N

Nothing is more valuable than Time.

O

Order makes Trifles appear graceful.

P

Praiſe is grateful to human Nature.

Q

Quick Promiſers are often ſlow Performers.

R

Recreations are both lawful and expedient.

S

Shame attends unlawful Pleaſures.

T

Truth needs no Diſguiſe or Ornament.

V

Vanity makes Beauty contemptible.

W

Without Knowledge, Life is but a Burthen.

X

'Xamples prevail more than Precepts.

Y

Youth, like Beauty, very ſoon decays.

Z

Zeal warms and enlivens Devotion.

A THIRD

A

THIRD ALPHABET

OF

PRUDENTIAL MAXIMS

A

Adverſity is the Touchſtone of Friendſhip.

B

Be more afraid of ſecret Sins, than open Shame.

C

Charity ſhould begin at home, and end abroad.

D

Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you.

E

Evil Company makes the Good bad, and the Bad worſe.

F

Fraud in Childhood will become Knavery in Manhood.

G

Goodneſs generally leads to univerſal Eſteem.

H

He that begins well has done Half his Work.

I

Induſtry keeps the Mind clear, and the Body healthful,

K

Knowledge is the Treaſure of the Mind.

L

Lazineſs is commonly puniſhed with Diſtreſs.

M

Malice ſeldom wants a Mark to ſhoot at.

N

Nothing is more contagious than an ill Example.

O

One Vice is more expenſive than ten Virtues,

P

Proſperity gains Friends, and Adverſity tries them.

Q

Quarrelſome Perſons are miſchievous Companions.

R

Religioon is beſt underſtood, when moſt practiſed.

S

Succeſs does not always attend Deſert.

T

The Hopes of Reward ſweeten Labour.

V

Value not yourſelf by other Mens Opinions.

W

Write Injuries in Duſt, but Kindneſſes in Marble.

X

'Xcuſe the Frailties and Infirmities of a Friend,

Y

Young Men are too apt to liſten to bad Counſel.

Z

Zeal for Religion can never warrant Revenge.

AN

ALPHABET

OF

PRUDENTIAL MAXIMS

In *Eaſy Verſe*,

For the Use of

CHILDREN.

A
Attend the Advice
Of the Old and the Wiſe.

B
Be not angry nor fret,
But forgive and forget.

C
Can you think it no Ill
To pilfer and ſteal:

D

Do the Thing you are bid,
Nor be ſullen when chid.

E

Envy none for their Wealth,
Or their Honour or Health.

F

Fear, worſhip, and love
The Great GOD above.

G

Grow quiet and eaſy,
When Fools try to teize you.

H

Honour Father and Mother;
Love Siſter and Brother.

I

It is dangerous Folly
To jeſt with Things holy.

K

Keep your Books without Blot,
And your Cloaths without Spot.

L

Let your Hands do no Wrong,
Nor backbite with your Tongue.

M

Make haſte to obey,
Nor diſpute, or delay.

N

Never ſtay within hearing
Of Curſing and Swearing.

O

Offer GOD all the Prime
Of your Strength and your Time.

P

Provoke not the Poor,
Tho' he lie at your Door.

Q

Quaſh all evil Thoughts,
And mourn for your Faults.

R

Remember the Liar
Hath his Part in Hell-Fire.

S

Shun the Wicked and Rude,
But converſe with the Good.

T

Tranſgreſs not the Rule,
Or at Home, or at School.

V

Vie ſtill with the Beſt,
And excel all the Reſt.

W

When you are at your Play,
Take heed what you ſay.

X.

'Xcuſe, but with Truth,
The Follies of Youth.

Y.

Yield a little for Peace,
And let Quarrelling ceaſe.

Z.

Zeal and Charity join'd,
Make you pious and kind.

SECOND ALPHABET
OF
Prudential Maxims,
In EASY VERSE.

A

Art and aſſiduous Care muſt join
To make the Works of Nature ſhine.

B

Beauty's a Flow'r that ſtrikes the Eye;
But (Roſe-like) ſoon its Colours die.

C

Content is a continual Store,
And he's unwiſe that aſks for more.

D

Dare to be juſt:——Your Fame regard;
For Virtue is its own Reward.

E

Envy, when once it taints the Mind,
Is to true Merit ever blind.

F

Firſt to thy Maker Homage Pay;
And next, thy King's Commands obey.

G

Give without Grudging to the Poor,
And Heav'n will ſoon augment thy Store.

H

Honour beſtow where Honour's due,
And ev'ry One will honour You.

I

Jeſt not, raſh Youth, with ſacred Things;
Nor ſpeak with Diſreſpect of Kings.

K

Know well thyſelf; thy Errors ſcan;
And Pride, thou'lt find, wan't made for Man.

L

Learning, when Fortune adverſe proves,
With Induſtry all Ills removes.

M

Money's the *God* whom all adore:——
Who courts, or ſmiles upon the Poor?

N

None are ſo happy as the Juſt,
Whoſe Names are precious in the Duſt.

O

Old Age, or Sickneſs mows down all:
In Time, the ſtateſieſt Buildings fall.

P

Princes, like Ladies, in their Youth,
But very ſeldom hear the Truth.

Q

Quarrels avoid; and Law-Suits ſhun;
For he that Conquers is undone.

R

Riches, when on the Good beſtow'd,
Are Bleſſings worthy of a God.

S

Sometimes the Bow muſt be unbent;
Play's laudable, if innocent.

T

Tho' Beauty's Shafts reſiſtleſs are;
The Virtuous ſtill outſhine the Fair.

V

Verſe, if impure, has no Defence;
Indecency is Want of Senſe.

W

Who would to lawleſs Pleaſures rove,
That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love.

X

'Xamples oft, when Precepts fail,
Will over giddy Youth prevail.

Y

Youth take, like tender Twigs, the Bow;
And, as firſt faſhion'd, always grow.

Z

Zeal, when with too much Heat it burns,
Soon to religious Phrenzy turns.

A THIRD ALPHABET OF Prudential Maxims In EASY VERSE.

A

All human Things are ſubject to Decay,
And when Death ſummons, Monarchs muſt obey.

B

Be ſure he be at leaſt as good as thee,
To whom thy Friendſhip ſhall familiar be.

C

Count all th' Advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains.

D

Do thou, with Pleaſure, own thine Errors paſt,
And make each Day a Critick on the laſt.

E

Each Moment brings us nearer to our End;
Why ſhould we then our precious Time miſpend?

F

Firſt worſhip GOD; he that forgets to pray;
Bids not himſelf Good-Morrow, nor Good-Day.

G

Grandeur by Virtue's only underſtood;
None's truly great that is not truly good.

H

He who bewails, and not forſakes his Sin,
Confeſſes only what he'll do again.

I

Juſt be thy Thoughts, and every Word ſincere,
And know no Wiſh, but what the World may hear.

K

Know well thyſelf; preſume not GOD to ſcan;
The proper Study of Mankind is Man.

L

Leave GOD to manage for thee, and to grant,
What his unerring Wiſdom ſees thee Want.

M

Make much of ev'ry Moment of your Time,
If you aſpire in Art to be ſublime.

N

No Minutes ſurely bring us more content,
Than thoſe in uſeful, pleaſing Studies ſpent.

O

Others in Wealth and Pomp their Thoughts may (pleaſe;
But be thou rich in wiſhing none of theſe.

P

Pride is the never-failing Vice of Fools;
The Wiſe and Virtuous walk by humble Rules.

Q

Quarrels and Strife, and Law-ſuits wiſely ſhun;
By Peace and Silence no One is undone.

R

Reaſon's whole Pleaſures, all the Joys of Senſe,
Lie in three Words;—Health, Peace, and Competence.

S

So live with Man, as if th' Almighty's Eye
Did ev'ry where into thy Actions pry.

T

Thank thoſe that do thee good; ſo ſhalt thou gain
Their ſecond Help, if thou ſhouldſt need again.

V

Vice is a Monſter of ſo frightful Mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be ſeen.

W

We to ourſelves may all our Wiſhes grant;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.

X

Xerxes, *as Poets ſing, a haughty Brave,*
Whipt the Rude Winds, and made the Sea his Slave.

Y

Young Men, be diligent, and I'll engage
Your youthful Pains will Pleaſure yield in Age.

Z.

Zeal is a Fire, and uſeful in its Kind,
But nothing is more dangerous, if blind.

FIFTY
SELECT COUNSELS;
OR
Rules *of* Life:

Without Regard to Alphabetical Order.

I.

Do thine own Work, and know thyſelf.

II.

If you would be happy, correct your Imagination by Reaſon; reject Opinion, and live according to Nature.

III.

Let Reaſon go before every Enterprize, and Counſel before every Action.

IV.

Be not diverted from your Duty by any idle Reflections that the ſilly World may make upon you; for their Cenſures are not in your Power, and conſequently ſhould be no Part of your Concern.

V.

V.

Reſt ſatisfied with doing well, and leave Others to talk of you what they pleaſe.

VI.

Pitch upon that Courſe of Life which is the moſt excellent, and Cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful.

VII.

Rather avoid thoſe Vices you are naturally inclined to, than aim at ſuch Excellencies and Perfections as you were never made for.

VIII.

Live in Peace with All Men; nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a Thouſand.

IX.

Never defer That till To-morrow, which you can do To-Day: Nor ever do That by Proxy, which you can do yourſelf.

X.

Be always at Leiſure to do good; never make Buſineſs an Excuſe to decline the Offices of Humanity.

XI.

Forget the Faults of others; but always remember your own.

XII.

Hear not Ill of a Friend, nor ſpeak any of an Enemy: Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

XIII.

Imprint this Maxim deeply in your Mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal State; by which Means you will avoid being tranſported with Proſperity, and being dejected in the Day of Adverſity.

XIV.

Do nothing to Day that you will repent of To-Morrow.

XV.

Sell not Virtue to purchaſe Wealth.

XVI.

Make yourſelf agreeable, as much as poſſible, to all; for there is no Perſon ſo contemptible, but it may be in his Power to be a ſincere Friend, or an inveterate Enemy.

XVII.

Never reflect upon any Man's Religion, Reputation, or Infirmity; for 'tis not only diſobliging, and uncivil, but unbecoming a Chriſtian.

XVIII.

In the Morning, think what you have to do; and at Night aſk yourſelf what you have done.

XIX.

Account it no Diſgrace to be cenſured by thoſe Men, whoſe Favours would be no Credit to you. You yourſelf only know what you are; others only gueſs at you: Rely not therefore on their Opinions, but on the Dictates of your own Conſcience.

XX.

XX.

Think before you ſpeak, and conſider before you promiſe. Take Time to deliberate and adviſe; but loſe no Time in executing your Reſolutions.

XXI.

Never reveal your Secrets to any, except it be as much their Intereſt to keep them, as it is yours, that they ſhould be kept. Only truſt yourſelf, and another ſhall not betray you.

XXII.

Have not to do with any Man in his Paſſion; for Men are not, like Iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

XXIII.

Purſue not a Coward too far, leſt you make him turn valiant to your Diſadvantage.

XXIV.

Speak not in the Ears of a Fool; for he will deſpiſe the Wiſdom of your Words. Caſt not your Pearls before Swine.

XXV.

In all your Promiſes, let your Heart and Tongue ſpeak the ſame Language; and let your Actions continually keep touch with your Engagements: To proffer a Perſon a Favour, without ever deſigning to perform it, is baſe; and to encourage him with that Aſſiſtance from you, which lies out of your Power to give, is fooliſh.

XXVI.

Beware of Intemperance; for it plunges the Body into a State of Languor and Weakneſs: Our Health can by no Means hold out, when we live too faſt, and are continually over-charging Nature: If we manage not our Conſtitutions, we throw them away before we have done Living, and conſpire againſt the Intereſt of our own Eaſe and Pleaſure.

XXVII.

Suit your Deſires to Things, and not Things to your Deſires; be thankful for what you have, and not uneaſy for what you have not; ſince he who once attains this Virtue to Perfection, not only enjoys the compleateſt Pleaſure in this Life, but alſo takes the moſt certain Courſe to ſecure himſelf the Joys of the next.

XXVIII.

Beware of Envy; for to grudge any Man an Advantage in Perſon or Fortune, is to cenſure the Liberality of Providence, and be angry at the Goodneſs of God.

XXIX.

Do not purſue the Things of this World immoderately: Be not dejected on account of any unexpected Diſappointment: Crave nothing too eagerly: Rejoice not exceſſively at any caſual Preferment: So ſhall you live in Peace and Tranquility, and die with Content, and Submiſſion to the Divine Will.

XXX.

XXX.

Raiſe your Thoughts and Actions above the Vulgar, if you have any Ambition to be ranked above them. For it is in Life, as it is in a Play, wherein it is not ſo much regarded, who is Prince and Beggar, as who acts thoſe Characters beſt.

The Circumſtance of Life no Preference gives,
But as the Man in that Condition lives.

XXXI.

Shun the leaſt Appearance of Evil, that you may not be ſuſpected, and, if you cannot avoid both, chuſe rather to be ſuſpected, when you do not deſerve it, than to do Evil, without being ſuſpected.

XXXII.

Keep no Company with a Man, who is given to Detraction.

XXXIII.

Let your Words agree with your Thoughts, and be followed by your Actions; be careful in your Promiſes, and juſt in your Performances; for it is better to do, and not promiſe, than to promiſe, and not perform.

XXXIV.

Obſerve the various Actions and Tempers of Men, and paſs by human Infirmities with a generous Greatneſs. Criticiſe upon nothing more than your own Actions, and you'll ſee Reaſon enough to pardon the Weakneſs of others.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Value no Man for his Opinion; but eſteem him according as his Life correſponds with the Rules of Piety and Juſtice: For a Man's Actions, not his Conceptions, render him valuable.

XXXVI.

Be content in that Station which Providence hath allotted you; for Serenity of Mind is the moſt precious Jewel of human Life.

XXXVII.

Diſdain not your Inferior, tho' poor; ſince he may poſſibly be your ſuperior in Wiſdom, and the noble Endowments of the Mind.

XXXVIII.

Give your Heart to your Creator; pay due Reverence to your Superiors; honour your Parents; give your Boſom to your Friend; be diligent in your Calling, be your Station in Life whatever it will; give an attentive Ear to good Advice, and be benevolent, and tender-hearted to the Poor.

XXXIX.

Never indulge yourſelf in Sloth: For Idleneſs is the greateſt Prodigality; it throws away Time, which is invaluable, in reſpect of its preſent Uſe; and when it is paſt, can never be recovered by any Power of Art or Nature.

XL.

Be prudent in the Choice of your Companions: If you desire Refreshment, associate yourself with your Equals; but if Profit, with your Superiors; for it is a certain Sign of an abject Temper, to be ambitious of being at the Head of those with whom you converse.

XLI.

Pretend not that the Incumbrances of human Affairs make you neglect the Duties of Religion; for the Things of another Life are so transcendently glorious, when compared with our momentary Enjoyments, that whoever makes such frivolous Excuses, shews the Greatness of his Covetousness, and the Weakness of his Faith.

XLII.

Beware of Ostentation and Vain-glory; an accomplished Man conceals vulgar Advantages, as a modest Woman hides her Beauty under a careless Dress.

XLIII.

Do not speak reproachfully of any Person whomsoever: For such Injuries are very seldom, if ever forgotten, and may possibly prove an Hindrance to your Preferment.

XLIV.

Keep your own Secrets; for if you discover them to another, and he reveals them, you should pardon him for it, since he is only treacherous by your Example.

XLV.

XLV.

Never commend any Man to his Face; but rather commend him to others, that they may have a good Opinion of him: Neither diſpraiſe any Man behind his Back, but rather tell him privately of his Faults, that you may be a happy Means of his future Reformation.

XLVI.

Be very cautious in believing any Thing ill of your Neighbours; but be much more cautious of making haſty Reports of them to their Diſadvantage.

XLVII.

Do nothing but what is Praiſe-worthy, nor be puffed up with popular Applauſe: Entertain Honour with Humility, Poverty with Patience, Bleſſings with Thankfulneſs, and Afflictions with Reſignation.

XLVIII.

Let Virtue and Innocence always accompany your Recreations: For unlawful Pleaſures, tho' agreeable for a Moment, are too often attended with bad Conſequences, and inſtead of relaxing the Mind, plunge us into an Abyſs of Trouble and Vexation.

XLIX.

Queſtion not the Truth of what God has thought fit to reveal to you, however intricate and myſterious; ſince he requires our Aſſent

to

to Nothing that is contradictory to Reaſon, tho' he does to ſome Truths that are above it.

L.

Put forth all your Strength in honouring of GOD, and doing his Commandments; for that Time ſhall end in a bleſſed Eternity, that is prudently and zealouſly ſpent in the Service of the Supreme Being.

THE

THE PRECEPTS OF *PYTHAGORAS*; In PROSE and VERSE.

I.

Let your firſt Duty be, to adore the Immortal Gods, according to the Laws of your Country.

II.

Have a religious Regard to all your Vows, and ſolemn Proteſtations.

III.

Honour your Parents and neareſt Relations; and endeavour to gain by your Virtue the Friendſhip of Men of Merit.

IV.

Liſten with due Attention to the Admonitions of your Friends.

V.

Hate not a Friend for a ſmall Fault.

VI.

VI.

Subdue Sloth, Luſt, and Anger.

VII.

Do not an ill Thing, either in Company, or alone; but of all reſpect yourſelf firſt; that is; *firſt pay that Duty which is due to your ſelf, to your Honour and to your Conſcience; nor let any foreign Regard make you deviate from this Path.*

VIII.

Be juſt both in Word and Deed.

IX.

Suffer not yourſelf to get a Habit of acting imprudently in any Thing.

X.

Remember that it is the certain Lot of all Men once to die.

XI.

Let not the Words, or Actions of any Man impoſe on you ſo far, as to make you either ſay or do any Thing to your own Prejudice and Diſadvantage.

XII.

Conſider well what you are about, before you put it into actual Execution, leſt you betray your Folly: For Fools only ſpeak and act without Reflection.

XIII.

Meddle with nothing that will give you Pain, when once it is paſt.

XIV.

XIV.

Attempt nothing which you do not perfectly underſtand; but learn every Thing that is abſolutely neceſſary.

XV.

Neglect not the Health of your Body; but obſerve a Medium in your Food, your Drink, and your Recreations.

XVI.

Let your Diet be pure, but not delicate.

XVII.

Do nothing to create the Envy of thoſe you converſe with.

XVIII.

Be liberal, but not profuſe; Moderation is beſt in all Things.

XIX.

Preſume not to ſleep, till you have thrice ran over the Actions of the paſt Day.—Examine yourſelf, Where have I been?—What have I done?—Have I omitted any good Action?—Then weigh all, and correct yourſelf for what you have done amiſs, and rejoice in what you have done well.

The CONCLUSION.

This ought to be your daily Taſk, your conſtant Meditation and Study, and this you ought to take Delight in; for this will lead you to the Paths of Divine Virtue.

THE

THE Golden Verſes OF *PYTHAGORAS.*

Tranſlated by the late celebrated

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Eſq;*

I.

First to the GODS thy humble Homage pay;
The greateſt This, and First of Laws obey.

II.

Perform thy Vows; obſerve thy plighted Troth;
And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.

III.

With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred ſhow:
For what concerns the Reſt of Human-kind,
Chuſe out the Man to Virtue beſt inclin'd;
Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Boſom bind.

Poſſeſs'd

Poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Friend, preſerve him ſtill;
Nor thwart his Counſels with thy ſtubborn Will:
Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
And yield to all his Offices of Love:
Him from thy Heart ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh Word, nor ſlight Offences tear.
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his Failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgive.

IV.

By Uſe thy ſtronger Appetites aſſuage,
Thy Gluttony, thy Sloth, thy Luſt, thy Rage.

V.

From each diſhoneſt Act of Shame forbear;
Of others, and thyſelf, alike beware.

VI.

Let Rev'rence of thyſelf thy Thoughts controul,
And guard the ſacred Temple of thy Soul.

VII.

Let Juſtice o'er thy Word and Deed preſide,
And Reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt Actions guide:
For know, that Death is Man's appointed Doom;
Know, that the Day of great Account will come,
When thy paſt Life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each Word, each Deed, be in the Balance laid,
And all the Good, and all the Ill, moſt juſtly be repaid.

VIII.

Revolve the Getter's Joy, and Loſer's Pain,
And think, if it be worth thy while to gain.

IX.

IX.

Of all thoſe Sorrows that attend Mankind,
With Patience bear the Lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it *Chance*, nor murmur at the Load;
For know, what Man calls *Fortune* is from GOD.
In what thou may'ſt, from Wiſdom ſeek Relief,
And let her healing Hand aſſuage the Grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er thy righteous Doom ordains,
What Cauſe ſoever multiplies thy Pains,
Let not thoſe Pains as Ills be underſtood;
For GOD delights not to afflict the *Good*.

X.

The Reas'ning Art, to various Ends apply'd,
Is oft a lure, but oft an erring Guide;
Thy Judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy Reſolution ſwerve;
The dazling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
And ſweet Perſuaſion wins the Eaſy to believe.

XI.

When Fools and Liars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

XII.

Let no Example, let no ſoothing Tongue,
Prevail upon thee, with a *Syren*'s Song,
To do thy Soul's immortal Eſſence wrong.

XIII.

Of Good and Ill, by Words or Deeds expreſt,
Chuſe for thyſelf, and always chuſe the beſt.

XIV.

Let wary Thought each Enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy Task before begun,
Left Folly should the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
Act without Thought, and thoughtless Words they waste;
But thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares,
Strive to prevent at first a Fate like theirs;
That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
Nor sharp Repentance make thee rise too late.

XV.

Beware thy medling Hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy Reach of Knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought,
To search the profitable Knowledge out.

XVI.

Let not thy Body want its Part, but share
A just Proportion of thy tender Care;
For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.
Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholsome Fare
Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair
And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits cheer.
In all Things still, which to this Care belong,
Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.

XVII.

By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,
Manly, and simply pure, and free from Blame.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
The glancing Curſe of her malicious Eye.

XIX.

Seek not in needleſs Luxury to waſte
Thy Wealth and Subſtance with a Spendthrift's Haſte;
Yet flying theſe, be watchful leſt thy Mind,
Prone to Extreams, an equal Danger find,
And be to ſordid Avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from Each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

XX.

Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
E'er ev'ry Action of the former Day
Strictly thou doſt, and righteouſly ſurvey.
With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own Demand.
Where have I been?—In what have I tranſgreſs'd?—
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to GOD, to Man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire, ſevere, whate'er from firſt to laſt,
From Morning's Dawn till Evening's Gloom has paſt:
If evil were thy Deeds, repenting, mourn,
And let thy Soul with ſtrong Remorſe be torn.
If good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with Pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to Day.

The Conclusion.

These Thoughts, and chiefly These thy Mind should move,
Employ thy Study, and engage thy Love:
These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.

SELECT

Historical Reflections

ON

Various Subjects.

EQUALLY

Instructive and Entertaining.

I.

On the Advantages *of a liberal Education.*

AN industrious and virtuous Education of Children is a better Inheritance for them, than a great Estate. To what Purpose is it, said *Crates*, the Philosopher, to heap up immense Treasures, and have no Concern, no Manner

Manner of Regard to the Heirs to whom you propose to leave them.

II.

Zeno hearing a young Man speak too freely, told him; We have two Ears, and but one Tongue, for this very Reason; that we should hear much, and talk little.

III.

Xenophon commended the *Persians* for the prudent Education of their Children, who would not admit them to effeminate their Minds with amorous Stories, and idle Romances, being sufficiently convinced of the Danger of adding Weight to the Bias of corrupt Nature.

IV.

Phocilides, the *Greek* Poet, likened *Education* to a *Sickle* and a *Hand*, for this Reason; if there were any Vice in the Soul it would weed it out; and if there were no Virtue as yet in the Soul, it would soon plant some in.

V.

Lycurgus seeing a Keeper teaching a *Blood-hound* to follow a Train; Observe, said he, what Pains yonder Master takes to make his Servant useful and profitable for his Pleasure; who would not then train up with Diligence his Son in the School of Virtue, that he may become in Time a worthy Member of the Commonwealth?

VI.

On the Folly *of* Revenge.

There cannot poſſibly be a greater Act of Extravagance and Indiſcretion, than for a Man to run the Hazard of loſing his Life to gratify his Rage and Reſentment. When *Marc Antony*, after the Battle of *Actium*, challenged *Auguſtus*, he took no further Notice of the Inſult, than ſending him back this calm Anſwer; That, if *Antony* was weary of his Life, there were other Ways of Diſpatch beſides fighting him; and for his Part, he ſhould not give himſelf the Trouble to be his Executioner.

VII.

On the Folly *of* Pride.

A certain *Cavalier*, hearing that an old Friend of his was advanced to a *Cardinalate*, went to *congratulate* his *Eminence* upon his new Honour.—Pray, Sir, ſays the *Cardinal*, may I crave the Favour of your Name, and your Buſineſs?—I am come, ſays the *Cavalier*, to *condole* with your *Eminence*, and to tell you how heartily I pity Men who are overcharged with Dignity and Preferment; for it turns ſome Peoples Brains to that Degree, that they can neither ſee, nor hear, nor underſtand like other Men; and makes them as abſolutely forget their old Friends, as if they had never ſeen them before in all their Lives.

VIII.

VIII.

It is a very great Unhappineſs for a Man to be too well known to the World, and too much unknown to himſelf. *Alexander* was below a *Man*, when he affected to be a *God*.

IX.

When *Darius* offered *Alexander* 10,000 Talents, to divide *Aſia* with him, he anſwered, "The Earth cannot bear two Suns, nor *Aſia* two Kings." *Parmenio*, a Friend of *Alexander*, hearing the great Offers *Darius* had made, ſaid, "Were I *Alexander*, I would accept them." To which *Alexander* reply'd, "So would I, were I *Parmenio*."

X.

On Humility.

Cleobulus, being aſked, why he ſought not to be advanced to Honour and Preferment, made this Reply: O Friend, as long as I ſtudy and practiſe Humility, I know where I am; but when I ſhall hunt after Dignities and Promotion, I am afraid I ſhall loſe myſelf.

XI.

On Covetouſneſs.

Zeno ſaid, that an avaricious Man was like a barren, ſandy Ground, which ſucks in all the Rain and Dews with Greedineſs and Thirſt, but yields no fruitful Herbs or Plants to the Inhabitants.

XII.

XII.

Tantalus, we are told, was ready to periſh with Thirſt, though up to the Chin in Water. Change but the Name, and every rich Miſer is the *Tantalus* in the Fable. He ſits gaping over his Money, and dares no more touch it, than he dares to commit Sacrilege.

XIII.

Againſt Detraction.

Diogenes, being aſked, how one Perſon ſhould be revenged of another who defamed him; anſwered, by being a virtuous and honeſt Man.

XIV.

Philip of *Macedon* ſaid, he was beholden to the *Athenian* Orators for reproving him; for he would endeavour both by Words and Actions to make them Liars.

XV.

Plato, hearing it was aſſerted by ſome Perſons, that he was a very vicious Man, ſaid; I ſhall take care to live ſo, that Nobody will believe them.

XVI.

On the Pleaſures of Retirement:

Antiſthenes, the Philoſopher, being aſked, What Fruit he had gained by his Studies? Anſwered, He had learned to live and converſe with himſelf.

XVII.

XVII.

Scipio Africanus uſed to ſay, that he was never leſs alone, than when alone.

XVIII.

On Sincerity.

A great Man, being aſked by *Heliogabalus*, on a certain Affair, how he durſt ſpeak ſo plain? Becauſe, ſaid he, I dare die; I can but die, if I ſpeak the Truth; and I muſt die, if I flatter.

XIX.

The *Eyptian* Princes were uſed to wear a Golden Chain, beſet with precious Stones, which they ſtyled *Truth*; intimating thereby, that no other Ornament was equal to it.

XX.

Truth is ſo great a Perfection (ſays *Pythagoras*) that if GOD would render himſelf viſible to Men, He would chuſe *Light* for his *Body*, and *Truth* for his *Soul*.

XXI.

Againſt Idleneſs.

Epaminondas, Prince of *Thebes*, had ſuch an Averſion to Idleneſs, that, finding one of his Captains aſleep in the Day-Time, he ſlew him: For which Act being reproved by his Nobles; he replied, *I only left him as I found him.*

XXII.

XXII.

Titus Veſpaſian, the benevolent *Roman* Emperor, made it his conſtant Practice to call himſelf to an Account every Night for the Actions of the paſt Day; and ſo often as he found that he had let any one Day ſlip without doing ſome Good, he entered in his *Diary* this *Memorandum*,—*I have loſt a Day.*

XXIII.

Againſt Infidelity.

Cicero ſays, he can hardly think that Man to be in his right Mind, who is deſtitute of Religion.

XXIV.

They lye, ſays *Seneca*, who ſay, they believe there is no God: Tho' they may profeſs this ſomewhat confidently in the Day-time, when they are in Company; yet in the Night, and alone, they have doubtful Thoughts about it.

XXV.

It is an Obſervation of *Cicero's*, that no Kind of Men are more afraid of God, than ſuch as pretend not to believe his Being: Theſe are the Men, who, above all others, are moſt liable to be affected with a Tremor and dreadful Apprehenſions, eſpecially in the Time of Sickneſs, and the Approaches of Death.

XXVI.

My Lord *Bacon*, towards the latter End of his Life, ſaid, that a little ſmattering in Philoſophy would

would lead a Man to *Atheiſm*; but a thorough Inſight into it will lead him back again to a *Firſt Cauſe*; and that the firſt Principle of right Reaſon is Religion.

XXVII.

I never had a Sight of my Soul (ſaid the Emperor *Antoninus*) and yet I have a great Value for it, becauſe it is diſcoverable by its Operations; and by my conſtant Experience of the Power of God, I have a Proof of his Being, and a Reaſon for my Veneration.

XXVIII.

It was good Counſel given to the *Athenians*, to be certain that King *Philip* was dead, before they expreſſed their Joy at the Report of it, leſt they might find him alive to revenge their haſty Triumph. The like Advice may be proper to all Unbelievers; let them be ſure that there is no God, before they preſume to defy him, leſt they find him at laſt to aſſert his Being to their Deſtruction.

XXIX.

They have gained a great Prize indeed, (ſays *Cicero*) who have perſuaded themſelves to believe, that when Death comes they ſhall utterly periſh: What Comfort is there; what is there to be boaſted of in that Opinion? If in this I err, ſays he, that I think the Souls of Men immortal, I err with Pleaſure; nor will I ever, whilſt I live, be forced out of an Opinion which yields me ſo much Delight.

XXX.

Sir *Walter Raleigh*, diſcourſing with ſome Friends in the Tower, on the Topick of true Happineſs, urged, that it was not only a Freedom from Diſeaſes and Pains of the Body, but from Anxiety and Vexation of Spirit; not only to enjoy the Pleaſures of Senſe, but Peace of Conſcience and inward Tranquillity; and this Happineſs, ſo ſuitable to the Immortality of our Souls and the eternal State we muſt live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

XXXI.

On Contempt of Riches.

When *Alexander* ſaw *Diogenes* ſitting in the warm Sun, and aſked what he ſhould do for him? He deſired no more, than that he would ſtand out of his Sun-ſhine, and not take from him what he could not give him.

XXXII.

On Generoſity.

Alphonſus, King of *Sicily*, being aſked what he would reſerve for himſelf, who gave ſo much away? Even thoſe Things, ſaid he, that I do give; for the reſt I eſteem as Nothing.

XXXIII.

Marc Anthony, when depreſſed, and at an Ebb of Fortune, cried out, That he had loſt All, except what he had given away.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Cyrus, the firſt Emperor of *Perſia*, obtained a Victory over the *Aſſyrians*; and after the Battle, was ſo ſenſibly touched with ſeeing the Field covered with dead Bodies, that he ordered the ſame Care to be taken of the wounded *Aſſyrians* as of his own Soldiers, ſaying, They are Men as well as we, and are no longer Enemies, when once they are vanquiſhed.

XXXV.

On Modeſty.

Socrates being told, that the *Oracle* at *Delphos* had declared him to be the *wiſeſt Man* in all *Greece*, ſaid, *There was nothing in him to verify that Declaration, but this; that all he knew was, that he knew Nothing; when others, who were not wiſe, reckoned themſelves to be ſo.*

XXXVI.

Againſt Paſſion.

Plato, ſpeaking of paſſionate Perſons, ſays, they are like Men, who ſtand on their Heads, they ſee all Things the wrong Way.

XXXVII.

On Contentment.

Socrates, ſpeaking of Contentment, ſaid, it is the Wealth of Nature; for it gives every Thing we want and really need.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Solon, being asked by *Crœsus*, who in the whole World was happier than he? He answered, one *Tellus*; who though he was poor, was a good Man, was content with what he had, and died in a good old Age.

XXXIX.

Gyges, the rich King of *Lydia*, enquired of the *Oracle* who was happier than himself; the *Oracle* answered, one *Aglaus*, who was a poor *Arcadian*, contented with a little; who measured Happiness, not by the Abundance of Riches, but the Tranquillity of the Mind.

XL.

On Heroic Virtue.

Zenobia, Queen of *Palmyra*, being led in Triumph by the Emperor *Aurelian*, bore it with such an undaunted Spirit, that she procured her Liberty, and conquered her Triumpher. So much is a Mind, that is prepared with Virtue, heightened, rather than disgraced, by Misfortunes?

XLI.

On Envy.

Zoilus found Fault with *Homer*'s Poems. True Merit always gives those who are envious and ill-natured the utmost Uneasiness.

XLII.

XLII.

Againſt Intemperance.

Alexander, when inflamed with Wine, cut off his beſt Friend; and executed, in one unguarded Moment, what he repented of all his Life after.

XLIII.

On Love for our Country.

Rutilius being told, in his *Exile*, that for his Comfort there would be e'er long a *Civil War*, which would bring all the *Baniſh'd Men* home again. God forbid! ſaid he; for I had rather my Country ſhould *bluſh* for my *Baniſhment*, than *mourn* for my *Return*.

XLIV.

Xenophon, hearing that his Son died courageouſly in Battle, was ſo far from being concerned at it, that he rejoiced; and thanked the *Gods* for ſending him ſo brave a Youth, who was proud of dying for the Good of his Country.

XLV.

On Death and Eternity.

In the Grave there is no Diſtinction of Perſons; which made *Diogenes* ſay, when ſearching a Charnel-houſe, that he could find no Difference between the Skull of King *Philip*, and That of a common Man.

XLVI.

XLVI.

Socrates, on the Day of his Execution, in Diſcourſe with his Friends on the Immortality of the Soul, ſaid, Whether God will approve of my Actions or not, I cannot ſay; but this I am ſure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to pleaſe him; and I have great Hopes that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.

XLVII.

Cardinal *Wolſey*, one of the greateſt Miniſters of State that ever was, poured forth his Soul in theſe ſad Words; Had I been as diligent to ſerve my God, as I have been to pleaſe my King, he would not have forſaken me now in my grey Hairs.

XLVIII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, being aſked *one* Day by a Friend, why he was ſo ſad? replied; The Soul is a ſerious Thing; it muſt be either ſad here for a Moment, or be ſad for ever.

XLIX.

Cardinal *Mazarine*, having made Religion wholly ſubſervient to the *ſecular Intereſt*, diſcourſing one Day with a Doctor of the *Sorbonne* concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and a Man's eternal State; ſaid, weeping; *O my poor Soul! whither wilt thou go?* And afterwards ſeeing the *Queen-Mother*, ſaid to her, *Madam, your Favours have undone me; and were I to live my Time over again, I would be a* Capuchin *much rather than a* Courtier.

L.

L.

Sir *John Maſon*, Privy-Counſellor to King *Henry* VIII, *&c.* upon his Death-bed, delivered himſelf to thoſe about him to this Purpoſe; "I have "ſeen Five Princes, and been Privy Counſellor to "Four. I have ſeen what is moſt remarkable in "Foreign Parts, and been preſent at moſt State-"Tranſactions for thirty Years together; and have "learned This, after ſo many Years Experience, "that Seriouſneſs is the greateſt Wiſdom, Tem-"perance the beſt Phyſick, and a good Conſcience "the beſt Eſtate: And were I to live again, I "would change the Court for a Cloyſter, my "Privy Counſellor's Buſtles for an Hermit's Re-"tirement, and the whole Life I lived in the "Palace for one Hour's Enjoyment of God in "the Chapel: All Things elſe forſake me, be-"ſides my God, my Duty, and my Prayer.

LI.

Sir *Walter Raleigh*, looking on the Monument of a Prince, made this *Reflection*; O juſt and mighty Death! what none have dared to do, thou haſt done; and Him, whom all the World have flattered, Thou alone haſt caſt out of the World and deſpiſed. Thou haſt drawn together all the far-ſtretched Greatneſs, all the Cruelty and Ambition of Man, and covered it all over with theſe two narrow Words, *Hic jacet.*

I ſhall add but one Reflection more, from the univerſally admired Mr. *Addiſon*, which is

to

too beautiful to be omitted; and we flatter ourſelves a very natural Concluſion of theſe ſerious Amuſements.

" When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, " (ſays he) every Emotion of Envy dies in me; " when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, " every inordinate Deſire goes out; when I meet " with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-ſtone, " my Heart melts with Compaſſion; when I ſee " the Tomb of the Parents themſelves, I conſider " the Vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt " quickly follow; when I ſee Kings lying by " thoſe who depoſed them; when I conſider Ri- " val Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men " that divided the World with their Conteſts " and Diſputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Aſto- " niſhment on the little Competitions, Factions, " and Debates of Mankind; when I read the ſe- " veral Dates of the Tombs of ſome that died as " Yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I " conſider that *Great Day*, when we ſhall all of " us be Contemporaries, and make our Appear- " ance together.

F I N I S.